# HOME MISSION ECHOES

IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WE WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS

*"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."*

Vol. I. AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1897. Nos. 8 and 9.


## Heavenly Treasure.

"What I spent I had;
What I kept I lost;
What I gave I have!"

— *Old Epitaph.*

EVERY coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simple, worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it, — that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again,
Though our avarice may blind us,
We have gathered quite in vain;
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it,
What we hoarded we have lost!

But each merciful oblation,
Seed of pity wisely sown, —
What we give in self-negation,
We may safely call our own;
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep, in Heaven,
What is lent unto the Lord!

— J. G. Saxe.

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**510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.**

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# HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper will be published monthly (August possibly excepted), under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and will represent in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. The aim will be to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds will be general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor; Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., will have charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt will have charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

**Note the remarkably low terms:** Subscription price per year, twenty cents. Ten copies and upwards to one address yearly, ten cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents, and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

Send all subscriptions, with money for the same, to "Home Mission Echoes," 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Make checks and money orders payable to Miss Gertrude L. Davis, Treasurer. All other correspondence pertaining to the paper will be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. I. AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1897. Nos. 8 and 9.


## The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

### A Call to Prayer.

THE development of the work of modern missions during the present century has been marked by three stages of progress, in each of which the overruling providence of God is clearly shown.

When the Lord's command to preach the Gospel to every creature sounded anew in the ears of the Church, His people found the gates of heathendom closed before them and the doors of access barred. Prejudice on the part of heathen nations, hostility on the part of commercial companies, and ignorance in regard to vast contients, made access difficult and often impossible. But faith, laying hold of the arm that moves the world, conquered. In answer to believing prayer, the gates of brass were broken in pieces and the bars of iron were cut in sunder. To-day the world is open to the preaching of the Gospel.

Later in the century, and within the memory of most of us, a new condition confronted the Church. Entrance to the white harvest-fields was possible, but the laborers were few. Then it was seen that a new plea was needful, and from many hearts there ascended earnest petitions to the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest. This prayer prevailed likewise. The Spirit of God came upon the young men and the young women, and they have freely offered themselves for the world-wide work.

To-day we seem to stand at the threshold of the third and, it may be, the final stage of progress. The supreme need of the hour is the consecration of wealth. The fields are open, the workers are ready, but the work halts from lack of money. It behooves us, then, to send up to the throne of grace unceasing supplication that the grace of giving may descend upon the people of God, that in addition to "a hand to get," they may have "a heart to give."

Let us, then, make it our daily petition that in our own hearts, and in the hearts of all God's children, there may come a revival and an increase of the grace of giving, to the end that those whom God calls may go forth, and that great harvests may be reaped from the waiting and ripening fields.

ALICE B. COLEMAN.

### Christ's Words, the Sufficient Foundation.

THE sublimest and the most effective words known to human history are those in which these four colossal *alls* were proclaimed as the foundation of the kingdom of the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in the Christian Church. Where, in the whole range of recorded thought, have you anything possessing such scope and sublimity as these commands?

"*All* authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth.

"Go ye *therefore*, and make disciples of *all* the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

"Teaching them to observe *all* things whatsoever I commanded you.

"And lo, I am with you at *all* times, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 18-20.

So closes the first Gospel, and well it may close here, for the seventh heaven has been reached in the height of outlook: all authority, all nations, all commands, all times.

These four *alls* of Christ, from His supreme commission to His disciples, are the four corner-stones of the Church of Christ. — *Rev. Joseph Cook, D. D.*

### Oh, for More Prayer!

AND, dear friends, we must get up higher still in praying about missions. I know some men can get anything they like in prayer. Oh, for some five hundred Elijahs, each one upon his Carmel, crying unto God! and we should soon have the clouds bursting with showers. . . . Oh, for more prayer, more constant, incessant mention of the mission cause in prayer, and then the blessing will be sure to come! — *Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

AS Nature, with her old mosses and her new spring foliage, hides the ruins which man has made, and gives to the fallen tower and broken cloister a beauty scarcely less than that which belonged to them in their prime, so human love may be at work, too, "softening and concealing, and busy with her hand in healing" the rents which have been made in God's holier temple, the habitation of His own Spirit. — *F. D. Maurice.*

## Meetings in New England.

It has been our privilege to attend many meetings during the past few months, and to receive accounts of many more through our consecrated workers. In a letter from western Maine the efficient State Vice-President tells of the basket meetings in her district. She does not tell how large a share of the success of these meetings was due to her hours of planning and also to her presence at these gatherings. Western Maine will always feel the result of this consecrated worker's years of service.

In company with the Senior and Junior State Vice-Presidents of New Hampshire, it was our privilege to attend four basket meetings in that State in June. We could see everywhere the faithful work of these officers, and we daily gave thanks for their consecrated service. The presence of the pastors at all these meetings cheered us: Rev. Mr. Terry and Whittaker, at Plaistow; Rev. Mr. Potter, at Bradford; Rev. Mr. Vile and Gardner, at Sanbornton; and Rev. Mr. Dow, at Troy. We returned home with stronger faith in the willingness of New Hampshire women to help on Home Mission work.

It was a rare pleasure to attend the State meeting of Connecticut in the First Baptist Church in New Haven. This church still maintains its reputation for hospitality, and gave us a cordial welcome. The State workers of Connecticut are women of ability and energy, and they are planning new work and new methods in all lines of Home Mission work. A delightful meeting was held in Norwalk, in March, under the auspices of the "Golden Hour Home Mission Circle," of that church. A prayer service in the afternoon, with letters from the field and several papers, was followed by a tea, and one hundred guests sat down to well filled tables. In the evening a stereopticon lecture upon Home Missions was given by the pastor, Rev. J. E. Robbins.

Massachusetts has not been a whit behind former years in carrying forward Home Mission interests. Steadily and untiringly have the State workers thought and labored for the needy ones outside of themselves. Mrs. S. H. R. Giles, President of the Hyde Park Circle, opened her pleasant home, and gave us, upon one of "the rare days of June," an afternoon of great pleasure. Mrs. Giles resigned her position after fifteen years of service, much to the regret of all.

Eastern Maine has a State worker of much ability, and although her field is a hard one, she brings much to pass. The churches are small and scattered, yet the visits of the workers are constant and steady, and we are grateful for both Senior and Junior workers.

Vermont has had its basket meetings, and the State worker has been much encouraged. A faithful, conscientious woman is at the head of our work in the Green Mountain State. We are cheered by her letters and those of her Directors. We believe that Home Missions lie near the hearts of our loyal Vermont women.

Our State laborer in Rhode Island brings gifts of mind and heart to the work. Constant, in season and out of season, has she been in her work in this small, energetic State. Patriotism has ever marked the character of the people of Rhode Island, with her schools, colleges, and churches. The women of the churches realize that nothing but the Lord Jesus Christ can solve the problem which confronts them with the influx of foreigners which threatens their life as a Commonwealth.

From our State workers we have received a few words concerning the work. We have space for but a few.

## Our Work for the Coming Year.

THE July number of ECHOES gave our readers the condition of our treasury. As is our custom at our June Board meeting, we decided how large an appropriation we could make for teachers' salaries during the year beginning September, 1897. Last year we received from the churches about $25,000. Thirty-seven thousand dollars was reported upon our books, but a large sum was designated, and could not be used for our distinctive work. Hoping to receive at least $30,000 from the churches, in June, 1896, we pledged $22,000 for salaries, besides Alaska work and furnishings, beneficiaries, and special helps. After much prayer and many conferences, considering the condition of our treasury, we dared not pledge more than $18,900 for salaries, exclusive of Alaska, for the coming year. We know this decision will bring sorrow to many hearts, and cause some of our schools to close their doors. Some of the teachers have resigned. We shall not be able to give the names of the new workers, but they will appear in October ECHOES.

Our work at Allendale, S. C., was never more prosperous than last year. During Miss Owen's absence last summer, she left the keys of the school building in the hands of the colored man who owns the ground upon which the house stands. They had been enthusiastic in their interest in her work during the year. It seems, however, that in their ignorance they had hoped it would be a money-making scheme, and Miss Owen would charge high prices for board and tuition. Upon her return in the autumn, they refused her admission to the school building, unless she would pay a large sum. This she refused to do, and opened her school in the church. The year has proved to her that these ignorant colored men, led on by unprincipled white lawyers, would make her work too hard, and she decided to give up the work, much to the sorrow of the majority of the colored people as well as the white people.

Bible and Normal Institute, Memphis, Tenn., is a day school, and was among the first to have its appropriations reduced. Mrs. Traver and Miss Hope Traver have done excellent work, but there are good public schools for the colored people in that city.

Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn., is a boarding-school, and the property is owned by the Home Mission Society. As there must be a reduction in expenses somewhere, it was thought best to drop the work at Memphis, and strengthen the work at Nashville. We remember, however, the earnest young men at Nashville, the deep religious spirit manifested in the school. Tennessee needs two schools. Would that we had means to continue both!

Mrs. Mary Allen Dawes has resigned at Berwyn, Indian Territory. During the past year the entire support of the school at Berwyn has devolved upon our Society. We cannot afford to give half as much this year, and we know the work cannot be successfully carried on without a much larger appropriation. A man of experience and Christian culture is needed at the head of this school. We cannot afford to pay the salary of such a man. We have, therefore, decided to drop this work. Mrs. Dawes has gained the love and confidence of the people by her unselfish devotion to their interests, and we deeply regret her departure from the work.

Miss Ellen C. Potter, at the Morning Star Mission, New York City, has also resigned. This work has grown beyond the means of the Missionary Societies, with their depleted treasuries, to carry forward. Miss Clark broke down under the strain. Rev. Fung Mow, the Chinese pastor, has been compelled to be absent from the mission because of overwork, all winter. Miss Potter has bravely borne the strain of the added cares because of his absence, but she feels the need of rest. Dr. Morgan is convinced that, in order to make the work successful, a much larger sum of money is needed than we are able to appropriate; so the work has been given up. The City Mission will do what it can to keep up Christian services.

Four schools have been dropped, at Allendale, Memphis, Berwyn, and New York City, three of which are important fields. We would gladly keep them if it were possible, but if any work is to be given up these are the ones to be dropped. Many calls for help come to us, which we daily refuse. Will not our auxiliaries all over New England increase their gifts the coming year? Would that each Circle, yes, each individual might observe this year a *self-denial week*, and send the amount to our treasury. We only ask for $40,000. Look over the treasurer's report in our new annual report, and see how much your church gave last year. Calls are coming to us from many cities asking for a French Bible woman. There are communities of Poles in our midst with no one to speak to them the word of life. Let our work engage your intelligent, prayerful sympathy.

## Miss A. M. Hapgood.

IT was with saddened hearts we received the news of the death of Miss A. M. Hapgood, for so many years the beloved Director of the Boston South Association. In all lines of Christian service, church, Home and Foreign missions, and temperance work, she gave freely of her time and money. A consecrated, cheerful, intelligent Christian women has left us, and her place can never be filled in our hearts. The past year she has been a patient sufferer, and she longed for her heavenly home. The funeral services were held from the home of her nephew, Dr. Howard, at Chelmsford, Mass., upon July 7th, conducted by Rev. Mr. McElwain, of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston. A beautiful, useful life ended.

IF possible, let the leader be one who practises what he is going to preach—tithing.—*Christian Endeavorer.*

## Mr. Wm. C. Greenfield.

WHEN Rev. W. G. Roscoe, in 1893, began the building of the Orphanage on Wood Island, the work was greatly hindered by the opposition and persecution of the Greek priest. It was with difficulty he could employ men to work for him.

At that time Mr. W. C. Greenfield was agent of the North American Commercial Co., and he gave Mr. Roscoe great help and encouragement; he also allowed men in his employ to work for Mr. Roscoe. In all the work of the missions he was interested, especially so in the building of the chapel, and through him an offer of help was made by the Commercial Company.

Last fall Mr. Greenfield, with his family, went to San Francisco for the winter. In March he left San Francisco with his family on the *Gen. Siglin*, to return to Alaska. It is with great sorrow we record the loss of the vessel, with all on board. In the death of Mr. Greenfield our mission has lost a valued friend and helper.

We quote the following from *The Alaskan*:

WRECKED GEN. SIGLIN.

"Our readers are all familiar with the sad fate of Mr. Greenfield and family, who were lost with all others on board the *Gen. Siglin*, while sailing from San Francisco to Kadiak, Alaska. Some weeks after encountering the gale that tore her to pieces, a passing vessel spied the wreck in the storm belt with a dead man lashed to the davits. Next Captain Marshal saw her, boarded her with difficulty, and after the dead mariner was identified as the mate of the *Gen. Siglin*, buried the body. The hatchway was open, and the vessel was lying on her side pretty much under the water.

"The U. S. R. C. S. *Perry* next came across the *Siglin*, but as it was night, the water rough, and coal very short, hurried to Sitka, and the *Corwin* was sent out to investigate the wreck, and Edward Bloomquist, who is a very skilful artist, drew a pen-picture of her as she lay in the waters of the Pacific, with the rolling waves dashing in and running out of the hatchway. The Sitka photographer has photographed the drawing, and the picture is having rapid sales.

"The *Corwin* made the *Siglin* fast, righted her, pumped the water out, and brought her to Sitka, where she has been placed in the hands of Ed. de Groff as custodian, awaiting instructions from the owners and insurance companies. Greenfield's little boy was found in the cabin, also a sack of money, amount not known."

AND O my heart, my heart,
Be careful to go strewing in and out
Thy ways with good deeds, lest it come about
That when thou shalt depart,
No low lamenting tongue be found to say,
The world is poorer since thou wentst away!

Thou shouldst not idly beat,
While beauty draweth good men's thoughts to prayer
Even as the bird's wing draweth out the air;
But make so fair and sweet
Thy house of clay, some dusk shall spread about,
When death unlocks the door and lets thee out.

—*Alice Cary*

## Wayland Seminary.

OUR readers will be glad to hear something from Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C. Upon our return from Pittsburg we stopped in Washington, and were entertained at the school by the hospitable teachers. The informal reception given by the teachers to the pupils upon Tuesday evening, May 25th, was an enjoyable occasion. Several addresses were made by teachers and guests, and then the pupils, past and present, gave us bits of personal experience concerning their work and prospects. Dr. King's prayer at the close of the evening was touching, and brought tears to many eyes. After thirty years of faithful service he leaves the people for whom the best years of his life have been given. The graduating exercises were held in the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church Wednesday evening, May 26th, and the large church was filled to overflowing. The class did credit to itself and its instructors. Rev. T. J. Morgan, LL. D., presented the diplomas, and Rev. N. E. Wood, D. D., of Boston, gave a short address. This is one of our best schools. The young people in Dr. King's hands have been guided into lines of Christian service. We can hardly think of Wayland Seminary without his earnest, watchful presence. We sincerely hope, after a year of rest, that he will enter into active work again.

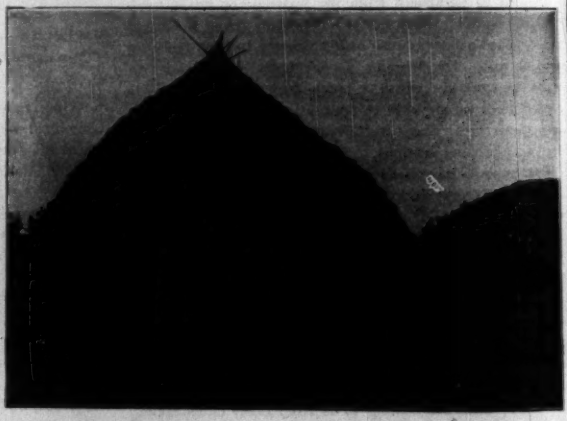
Wayland Seminary is peculiarly our school. The name reminds us of one of New England's strong characters, while the names of Dr. King and his wife are household words in Maine, and are loved for their works' sake throughout New England. Professor Simpson is a graduate of Colby University and Newton Theological Seminary, and his wife is a native of Springfield, Mass. Professor J. D. Coleman is known to us through his wife, Mrs. Amanda Miller Coleman, but for his own sake as well as hers we count him as belonging to New England. Miss Augusta Hodges, the efficient matron, was one of the girls of South Norwalk, Conn., when we first knew her, and after a course of study at the Chicago Training School she took up the work at Wayland. Rev. George Rice Hovey, the new President, is well known to New England as the son of Dr. Alvah Hovey, D. D., President of Newton Theological Seminary. He has been a successful teacher in the Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va., for several years, and we are sure the interests of the school will be safe in his hands. The school will remain in Washington another year, and then be removed to Richmond, Va.

THE enormous multiplication of stupendous fortunes, the abnormal growth of great cities, the unparalleled increase of population, the multiplicity of dangerous elements, the deficiency of adequate charity, and the decay of religious faith, are the perils of the age, according to Dean Farrar. — *Union Signal.*

## Wichita Mission School.

ONE afternoon Mrs. Rulison and I were on our way to visit camps. Our attention was attracted by hearing the beating of a tom-tom and seeing crowds of Indians in and about a grass house. In great wonder we made our way to the house, though at first I had fears that our presence would be unwelcome. We could not have been more kindly received. Some hundred or more Indians were assembled, all out in holiday attire. Many were the fantastic costumes; feathers and paint were conspicuous. Several pipes of peace were passed one to another, and each would take a smoke. We learned they were holding a feast in honor of visiting Pawnees. The Indian women kindly made way for us to gain admittance within.

But little sunlight penetrates the gloom of a grass house. It truly was a strange scene to see it packed with men, women, and children, all sitting about upon the Indian beds or upon the ground. Queer, strange performances were being held about several large brass kettles which were in the centre upon the ground. During the performances some of the Indians worked themselves into such frenzy, it seemed as if they might die on the spot; others were crying and gesticulating as if in prayer. We ascertained they were praying to the sun and the moon. While our hearts ached because of their darkened minds, we could not help but be impressed with the earnestness shown in everything they did.



INDIAN GRASS HOUSE.

We feel that our few large girls are imbued with the missionary spirit. Faithfully have they labored to earn money to send away for that purpose; quilts have been pieced, then quilted and sold by them. They also donated most of the small change they have earned in various ways.

The evening of the eighteenth of June, after interesting closing exercises, which seemed to be greatly appreciated by all, we saw the departure of most of our dear pupils for

the long summer vacation in their homes. Our prayers go out after them. We feel that the school has not closed any too soon, as the intense heat is upon us, which is very depressing to all.

Feeling the need of rest and recreation, we have planned a trip of two or three weeks, as we feel that a change will better fit us to cope with the work of the new year, after which we intend to do field work.

CHARLOTTE E. TAYLOR.

### From our Bible Woman.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST: I arrived at Biddeford the 1st of June, as I had promised to do so, and have begun the Lord's work the same day. I visited ten families the week ending the 6th, that Mr. Leger told me he could not get to come to church or at the mission hall, but with the help of the Lord I brought three families to church last Sunday, and have hopes of bringing seven others very soon.

I proposed to Mr. Leger to start a Sunday school class, to which he agreed on that account, and we started it Sunday with seven members, but with hopes of having more next Sunday, always with the help of Christ. We have had service in English at 5 P. M., and at 7 French service. I gave a short lecture of twenty minutes to the French Canadians, and they seemed to be very much impressed to hear an old country French woman. Brother Leger said that they never listened so attentively before. The meeting was held till quite late in the evening, and after the meeting about twenty remained so as to hear some more explanations, and we gave four Testaments and many French leaflets, and the nights that we have no meetings they want us to read the Bible chapter by chapter, because a good many of them do not know how to read. I will write to you again, and keep you in connection of our work of the Lord Jesus. Yours truly and sister in Christ,

E. MARCELLE, Biddeford, Maine.

[Mrs. Marcelle speaks very little English, and we are glad that she is able to give us such a report.]

### Monterey, Mexico.

DEAR SISTER: I had not written to you because during the time elapsed since I wrote I have met with nothing worthy of mention in a letter. I then began to labor with the school children, trying to instil in their tender hearts a wish to help in a small way, as they might be able, the Beneficent Society that has paid for their education for so long a time. They all showed themselves very willing, and endeavored to bring me what they could get — some one cent, some two or more, until we gathered five dollars, which this school sends as a little gift to your Society. We know this is a very little, like a grain of sand in the immensity of an ocean, but we are weak and, therefore, can do but little.

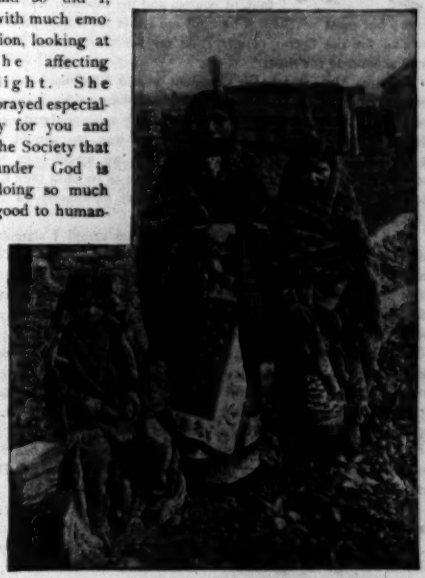
Our school now has thirty-two boys and seventy girls.

Sister, please do not forget us in your prayers, that with the help of the Lord we may be able to perform our arduous task.

That God may grant you copious blessings is the wish of your friend and sister. (Signed) AMADA TREVINO.

### Santa Rosa (Apodaca).

MY VERY DEAR MRS. REYNOLDS: I have now before me all my scholars, fifty-eight in number, and it occurs to me to ask if any girl has anything to send to Mrs. Reynolds. One rose at once and said: "Teacher, anything we could send to the lady would not be worth sending compared with the great benefit we are receiving through you, but still, I think we can do one thing and send it to the lady, a present that she will value more than all the world." So saying, she at once knelt down; all the school did the same, and so did I, with much emotion, looking at the affecting sight. She prayed especially for you and the Society that under God is doing so much good to humanity. The girl that did this is one of those to be baptized very soon.



INDIAN WOMAN AND GIRLS.

The anniversary of our missionary society was well attended; I believe over three hundred persons were present. We are going to work on for the cause in this village. The Lord be with you all, and multiply our feeble endeavors.

That he may bless you in everything is always my desire.

(Signed) DELFINA CAVAZOS.

JULY 20. — The fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Utah began to-day, and for the remainder of the week will be witnessed one of the greatest celebrations ever seen in this inter-mountain country. Of the two thousand pioneers who entered Salt Lake Valley in 1847, there are only 650 survivors. These have each been presented with a gold badge valued at $10. The badge presents typical figures in the early history of Utah, including an accurate medallion portrait of President Brigham Young.

## My Thanksgiving Box.

I HAD often heard of mite-boxes, and even read touching stories about them, but I couldn't seem to believe in them very much. Of course, when the regular offerings for missions were called for, I wanted to contribute my share as other folks did — as much as I could spare at the time. Then, too, I didn't see that I had anything especial to be thankful for. Dinner, supper, and breakfast, of course, and my husband and children; but most of the last had left me either for homes of their own or for the better country, and my heart was often heavy with sorrowing for them.

So when Mrs. Heath, the president of our missionary society, begged us each to take one and try it, I demurred. It would be no use, I argued. But our pastor's wife arose and proposed that as many others had found it a good way, we should try it for one year. At the end of that time we would open the boxes and have a full and free conference as to what they had done for us and the cause. And so, quite reluctantly, on my part at least, we took the boxes home.

As I went into my cosy sitting-room, I am afraid I slammed my little box down rather hard upon the mantel, saying, "You may stay there if you want to. You are rather ornamental in your blue and gold; and when the year is up I'll lump my mercies and put something in for the whole year. Who wants to be paying for mercies at a penny a time?"

"What is that, mother?" said my daughter May, the only one left me at home, a graceful, dark-eyed girl of twenty—the very joy and richness of her mother's heart. "Oh," she said, "I see. It is one of those thanksgiving boxes," and lifting it up she read upon one side, "Giving thanks always for all things;" on the other, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" and on the top: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

"Yes," I said, "I hardly know what I brought it home for — only to please Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Browning."

"Why, yes, mother," said May, "it is just the thing for you. You are always saying, 'Well, I'm thankful,' for something or other."

"Am I, child?" I answered a little thoughtfully. "Well, I'm afraid I don't really mean it; but if you hear me saying it again just remind me. I'm thankful for one thing, anyway, and that is I've got you!"

"Your first contribution," demanded May merrily, and taking the nickel I handed her, she dropped it in for me.

It must have been very lonely there for some time, for in the press of fall house-cleaning and getting ready for the great meeting of the anniversaries, I forgot all about it. The Board had never been to our little city before, and our hospitality was to be taxed to the utmost.

It was the morning of the day on which our guests were to arrive, and as I gazed around in satisfaction at the snowy window draperies and everything spick-and-span, as a housekeeper likes to see them, I exclaimed, "Well, I'm thankful for one thing, and that is, that they didn't come yesterday."

May picked up the mite-box and rattled the lone nickel warningly.

"Oh, May!" I said, "I had forgotten all about it."

"You better put in a dime this time," said May, "for I've heard you say you were thankful for something at least a dozen times the last week; and when they go away," she added, "you must put in another if we have had pleasant people here. You don't know how I do dread delegates; but there is one good thing: we are to have a missionary and his wife for one room, and they won't come just to shop and criticize, I'm sure."

Our delegates came, six of them, and if any one ever had delightful guests and a time of rare enjoyment, we had. May, with some of her young friends, had acted as ushers at the church; and although she objected a little at first, I was surprised to see how eager she grew to be at every meeting and to stay them through. At last the closing service was to be held. Even I, who had doubted if foreign missions paid, and wondered how near home charity could keep and still be charity, even I was filled with wonder at what God had wrought, and an enthusiasm that surprised myself.

I was superintending the finishing touches to the supper-table, and my darling May was flitting about, arranging some dainty vases of chrysanthemums and putting a few in her belt. I thought she had never looked so bright and beautiful, never seemed so dear.

"Blessed child!" I thought, "she little knows that I put a five-dollar bill into that box this morning — one I had been saving up, too, for a new bonnet — just because I was so thankful for her, that I had her all to myself;" and what made me think of it especially was seeing those young missionaries the night before, standing up there before us all, so bright and cultivated, so graceful and attractive. How could their mothers let them go? So I said, "If I never was thankful before, I am this time, to think that May isn't one of them, and here goes that five dollars into my thanksgiving box." As this ran through my mind I saw May come toward me slowly, a great light in her dark eyes, and a look of intense longing in her upturned face.

"Mother," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

I felt myself turning to stone, but making a desperate effort, said, "Child, what do you mean?"

"Mother, dear," said she, "I meant it. I believe that I have heard the call to go; that I am needed. I am young and strong. I have my music and my voice — and there are so many to help at home. I believe I am truly called in His name, for I have prayed and prayed, and asked for light — and dearest mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

In my anguish of soul I called upon God, and a form of love seemed to stand beside saying, "Fear not, the child is given to Me." A hush of peace came over me, and I kissed her softly. Our dear friends came in to supper, and in a strange inner stillness I got ready and walked beside my darling to the meeting, where, in a simple way, she offered herself and all her bright young life to the foreign work.

As the days went by I proved many a promise. My strength was as my day. May was to go soon to Persia with some returning missionaries. She was much needed there in one of the schools. Meantime we shopped and sewed and planned. Letters were to be put in here and there among her things, to be opened on certain dates for a year or more to come. Mysterious packages, too, for all the holidays. May said she believed it would be the first time in her life she would have a Fourth of July present. As we passed out of the store one day, talking cheerfully, I was accosted by Mrs. Brown.

"You do seem mighty chipper," she said, "for a person who is going to send her baby off to the cannibals, or just as bad. Any one would think she was just going off to get married, by the way you take it."

"Oh, Mrs. Brown!" I managed to say, "if I was marrying

her off to some rich or titled foreigner, you would think it all right that I should be proud and glad. How true it is that

> "To God we give with tears,
> But when a man like grace would find,
> Our souls put by their fears."

Mrs. Brown shook her head and said, "Some folks have queer notions," and passed on.

The pleasure and the pain of that preparation were over all too soon, and it was only the strength made perfect in weakness that sustained me daily until the last glimpse of that sweet face faded in the distance. As I entered again the home sitting-room, so bereft of its chief beauty and joy, I walked to the thanksgiving box and with a silent prayer for help put in my largest offering.

"That," I said, "is because I am so thankful that God let me have a missionary all my own."

Dear mothers, if you have sons and daughters that God does not call to go from you to serve Him, put in your thanksgiving offering for that; but if you have those that hear the Spirit call, "Come from home and friends," and who answer, "Here am I, Lord," still put in an added offering — for "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." — *The Advance.*

## Carry Out This Programme.

HERE is a programme for a prayer-meeting on the topic of systematic giving, used simultaneously by all the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Galesburg, Ill., Christian Endeavor Union. Systematic work along this line for years has placed this district at the head in its State in the matter of missionary giving.

Subject, THE BIBLE STANDARD OF GIVING.

Open the meeting with a song and prayer service of ten minutes.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STANDARD. Lev. 27 : 30, 32; 2 Chron. 31 : 5, 6; Neh. 13 : 12; Mal. 3 : 8, 9; Prov. 3 : 28.

THE NEW TESTAMENT STANDARD. Matt. 23 : 23; 1 Cor. 16 : 1, 2; Luke 6 : 38; 2 Cor. 9 : 7, 8; Acts 20 : 35; Mark 12, 41-44.

REWARDS OF GIVING. Prov. 28 : 27.

IS TITHING PRACTICABLE NOW?

WHAT WE ARE DOING VS. WHAT WE COULD DO.

AN APPEAL for giving in accordance with the teachings of Scripture, especially emphasizing the pledge to do "what ever He would like to have me do."

HYMN, "I gave my life for thee."

SIGNING PLEDGES.

MIZPAH BENEDICTION.

## "Listen, Then, to the Call."

SHALL the harvest spoil for want of harvest men? Shall the world go on in ignorance and darkness, when you might assist in enlightening it? Listen, then, to the call. Pray for Divine guidance. Think, and think again, on the question. Consult friends who are better capable than yourself of judging of your fitness. Do not mistake cowardice and indolence for humility. Consider how brief is the span of life; how short the moment of separation from friends; and how exquisite the joy which is set before you! — *Rev. Daniel Wilson.*

## Are Not the Demands of the Home Mission Field More Urgent Than Those of Foreign Missions?

THIS question from a theological seminary is interesting to the church at large as well as to Christian students. It is an evidence of the awakening that is taking place respecting the important work of evangelization to be done at home, especially in view of the heathenism so prevalent in our great cities. There can be no doubt that the Christian lands afford mission fields of the deepest need and richest promise. It must also be considered that on the purity and vigor of Christianity at home depends the success of missions, in a large measure, in foreign lands. What influence can a church exert on a distant continent if its light and salt cannot even illumine and sweeten its own environments? Then the corruptions of lands called Christian are sure to produce evil effects on other countries. We know that visitors from India, China, and Japan to Christian lands are so impressed with the prevalent iniquities that they cannot believe in the effectiveness of the religion professed. Thus evangelization at home is the condition for evangelizing the world. But if we emphasize that now, as at first, we must begin at Jerusalem, we must not stop there. The world is the field, and all nations are to be taught and discipled. Certainly more work is needed at home, much of it similar to that in heathen lands; but because this is done the other is not to be left undone. The work in the foreign field is to be an inspiration to the work at home, and the work at home is to increase the efficiency of the work abroad. Mutualism, coöperation, is the rule. But of this there is no doubt: greater emphasis than ever, yes, the greatest emphasis, must be placed now on the home field.— *The Homiletic Monthly.*

## What Retrenchment Means.

THE General Missionary for Oklahoma Territory tells us what retrenchment means in that new country:

"I have just come from the meeting of the Territorial Convention, and my heart is sick from looking in the face of the needs of this great Territory, where thousands of dollars seem an imperative necessity to the very existence of our cause, and yet compelled to turn a deaf ear to these many, many appeals. We have had to cut down until it seems like drawing the very life-blood.

"I am certainly sick this morning. I have been from home three weeks on a trip through the Cherokee and Choctaw Countries, in the broiling sun, and still have a trip of two weeks in the wilds of the Kiowa and Comanche Country. As I look over the field and see our inability to meet its needs, I feel like packing my grip, going home, and sending my commission to the Board, and so get away from this constant strain of sympathy."

> ONLY a thought; but the work it wrought
> Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
> For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
> And the life bore fruit a hundredfold.

# American Baptist Home Mission Society.

## Notes.

THE debts are provided for. Nearly or quite $250,000 have been pledged by Northern Baptists to match Mr. Rockefeller's pledge of $250,000. Never before in the history of American missions has half-a-million dollars been raised for such a purpose. And never probably has there been such cheerful giving as in the present instance. Well may we all sing the doxology: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

FOR about two weeks prior to July 1, the limit of time within which pledges were to be obtained for the debt, there was a degree of uncertainty about the result. Hence, the only safe thing to do was to continue the work of solicitation until July 1. Churches and individuals had planned to give the very last of June. They wanted the privilege of having a part in this good achievement. It was therefore out of the question to shut down the gates against offerings before the announced time.

IF the effort for the payment of the debts acquired such momentum as to carry the amount obtained beyond the original figures, $236,000, nobody will be sorry. Indeed, many have felt all along that the gift of one man ought to be fully equalled by the gifts of the other nine hundred thousand Baptists, more or less, in the North and West.

SHOULD there be a small surplus October 1, after the subscriptions for the debt shall have been paid, let no one make this an excuse for giving less to these great mission causes. Remember, that between April 1 and October 1, a period of six months, a large interest account on last year's debt has to be met, besides interest on borrowed money since; so that the Home Mission Society's share of a few thousand dollars in excess of the amount originally asked for will be needed in part for this purpose. And this accumulated interest is virtually a part of the entailed debt. Besides, a little shrinkage may have to be provided for.

IN some quarters there appears to be a misconception of the significance of the action of the Home Mission Society and the Missionary Union at Pittsburg in appointing committees on conference. The recently-published recommendations of the joint committees do not carry with them any essential changes in the beneficence of the churches. It is not contemplated, as some suppose, that there shall be the consolidation of two collections into one, this to be divided on some pro-rata basis between home and foreign missions. Such an arrangement would be most unfortunate, and would seriously lessen the amount now received by each Society. Every church every year should make a separate offering to each of these great objects.

THE experiment of having one man as District Secretary to represent both the Home Mission Society and the Missionary Union in the Eastern New York and Northern New Jersey district, and perhaps ultimately including the whole State of New York, is regarded with favor by representatives of both Societies who have given much thought to the subject. Should it work well, the plan may be extended to other districts also. In connection with State and associational commissions on beneficence, a District Secretary is becoming less and less an agent, and more and more a man of administrative functions.

IT was a fitting act on Memorial Day, or the Saturday preceding it, May 29, that services at Shaw University should be held, as the *Raleigh Gazette* states, "over the great late soldier, educator, and humanitarian, Dr. Henry M. Tupper, in the university grounds." The grave itself was appropriately decorated.

THE sudden death of Rev. Frank M. Ellis, D.D., on Monday night, June 28, was a shock to multitudes in all parts of the land. Few ministers have touched so many centres of influence as Dr. Ellis, in his pastorates at Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Boston, Baltimore, and Brooklyn. Brethren from the South joined with others from the North at his funeral in their tribute of admiration and affection for the large-souled and eloquent preacher of the good old Gospel. Dr. Ellis was born at Higginstown, Ohio, July 31, 1838, being nearly fifty-nine years at his decease. He had just delivered the ordination charge to a young man in the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Brooklyn, when the fatal apoplectic stroke, of which he had a premonition a year before, ended his earthly career; his ransomed spirit passing from the House of God on earth into the Heavenly Mansions.

## Early Pioneer Missionaries.

THERE were missionary heroes in the early years of Home Mission work in the West. This is what the Executive Board of the Home Mission Society said concerning them:

"As a whole, it is believed, a more laborious, self-denying, indefatigable body of preachers can nowhere be found — men who, looking with contempt on ease and luxury, brave the toils and privations incident to the forest and the newly-settled country. They supply from one to twelve congregations each, and these are sometimes so remotely settled from each other as to require long journeys over imperfect roads. Their usual mode of travelling is on horseback, and 'to ride' is with many of them synonymous with the whole routine of missionary labor. The stream that cannot be forded must be swam; if the mountain or the morass forbid one pass, they choose another; if night, shut in upon them, they seek some friendly shelter, and there preach Him who had not where to lay His head. Ten of them could be selected, whose aggregate journeyings (for the year), had they been in a straight line, would have reached once and a quarter around the globe. Their families, too, who are left alone, and often ill-provided for, participate in their toils and personal sacrifices.

"The public eye and public sympathy follow him who bids an eternal adieu to friends and native land, to publish the salvation of God on distant shores. There is a moral sublimity in his work which gives inspiration to poetry, and his enterprise, in itself vast and holy, becomes the theme of enraptured song. But those who go to the lost sheep of the house of our American Israel, and make equal sacrifices, and lose themselves from public gaze in the forest and prairie of the far West, deserve an equal place in our sympathies and affections. No multitude gathers on the strand to weep at their departure — a few tears only may fall unseen — no bard celebrates their deeds; they endure their fatigues and suffer their privations alone, and thus spend and are spent. Is not this rather —

'The *noiseless* band of heavenly soldiery
From out the armory of God equipped?'"

## Our Pioneer Missionary Society.

FROM its organization until the present hour, the American Baptist Home Mission Society has been preëminently *our Pioneer Missionary Society for the West.* Almost without exception its missionaries have been in the Western Territories years before the representatives of any other Baptist organization.

HERE IS THE RECORD.

It was first, by eleven years, in Illinois, in 1832; first by ten years in Wisconsin, and first by twelve years in Iowa, in 1836. It was first by many years in Texas, in 1840, before its annexation to the United States; first by seven years in Oregon, in 1845; first by seven years in Minnesota, in 1849; first by eleven years — on the heels of the gold hunters — in California, and first by twenty-two years in New Mexico, in 1849; first by five years in Kansas, in 1854; first by eleven years in Nebraska, in 1856; first by nine years in Colorado; first by sixteen years in Dakota; first by fifteen years in Idaho; first by about twenty years in Wyoming, in 1864; first by nine years in Washington, in 1870; first by ten years in Utah, and first by about fifteen years in Montana, in 1871; first by twelve years in Mexico, in 1870; first by three years in Arizona, in 1879; first in British Columbia and Alaska; first by several years in Oklahoma, in 1890, and first with the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1893 — preëminently everywhere the great pioneer society of Baptists for the evangelization of this continent — and not only first in time, but first in the number of its laborers, who have always been from five to twenty times as many as those representing any other of our organizations in the same fields.

## Pioneering in Northern Minnesota.

TWENTY-EIGHT miles from Lake Itasca, the head waters of the Mississippi, is Park Rapids in Hubbard County. From a line running through it from east to west, all the region northward is newly-settled territory. There are only two or three small villages in this extensive region embracing several counties. There are five or six thousand people, mostly homesteaders.

To these, before I came, no one at all was preaching. There are many schoolhouses, as twelve scholars call for a school with us. In most of these, Sunday schools are now organized, except in those north among the timber.

I have now reached eight school districts, preaching at four each Sunday, and have held special meetings in three, with nearly fifty professed conversions in all. In July and August I expect to visit the homesteaders north during the week, gathering them at two or three points each week, and speaking to them. If our Baptist people could see, as I do, the need in all this region, and the eagerness upon the part of many for the visit of the missionary, they would realize that there was yet much of this good land of ours to be possessed for Christ.

Let me take them with me on my trip of June 19 and 20. We start east for a drive of twenty-five miles through the timber. After leaving the village limits we will pass just two occupied houses. We will cross three rivers and skirt five lakes; stop with a dear brother, whose little log cabin has but one room, but his good wife will arrange for herself and husband, three children and the missionary to sleep. There was to have been baptism, but a sick horse on the road detained the missionary, so the people must be notified of a change. Sunday morning at 9.30 we meet at the schoolhouse, and drive over stumps and logs one and one-half miles, to the lake. There a sermon is preached, baptism administered, and away to the next schoolhouse, four miles distant, — another sermon, no one says dinner (an oversight); so on nine miles to the next point, — get a bowl of bread and milk, stable the old horse, and preach again there; to a neighbor's for supper, a drive of five miles, and the last service; invitations to stay all night, but special meetings at a distant point for the week make home a necessity, and thirteen miles more places us there at 11.30, tired enough.

Next week we would go west, and the story would be repeated.

Much of the roads are just cut out — stumps about eight inches high, — and your buggy wheel is sure to find most of them. It is hard work, but it is for the Master and for those who otherwise would not be told of Him. In special meetings in the woods, Sunday School Missionary Hulett helped me. We lived in my tent, and prepared many of our own meals. The dear people are very poor; they settled on homesteads last year, and have little of the land cleared; had no crops for last year at all. But there is a little group that loved Jesus, and they at once started a Sunday school; then they begged for a preacher. The children repeatedly say, "Do come to our house; we want you to eat with us," and so we go and gladly share their humble fare.

Most of the settlers have been glad to have bread and potatoes, and a little tea. Whole settlements could not raise $10 in money. But by and by they will have good farms and comfortable homes, and if in adversity the missionary loved them, in prosperity they will not forget him. But there is too much of it to tell, — much that makes the heart ache, and much that makes it glad. If only some of our more fortunate brethren could see it and feel it, as the missionary does, they would want to find some other such spot, and put a missionary at work at their own expense. There are not a few such needy fields in Minnesota, and on this one five men could find more than they could do. New settlers come almost every day, — new towns spring up. Shall the Gospel meet the people?

REV. C. T. HALLOWELL, *District Missionary.*
*Park Rapids, Minn.*

## Pioneer Work Among the Mormons.

IN the summer of 1880 some half-dozen Baptists living in Ogden, Utah, sent a most urgent appeal to the Home Mission Rooms for a missionary to help them in beginning work in that city. This appeal was sent to the writer, who had just begun the twelfth year of his pastorate in Fair Haven, Vt. After making the matter a subject of prayer, it was decided to heed the appeal, and as soon as the work of a long pastorate could be closed up, the first journey across the Rocky Mountains was undertaken. The first sermon was preached in Ogden, Jan. 1, 1881, and in August of the same year a service was held in the home of Bro. J. E. Berkley, in Salt Lake City.

A careful survey of the field was well calculated to shake the sturdiest faith. The writer found himself in a Mormon kingdom larger by one-third than all New England, and having a population of 300,000. The priesthood of the Mormon church numbered 25,000, and their forces were well disciplined and under perfect control. The legislature was made up entirely of Mormons; every municipal and town officer, and all the school teachers, were of the same faith. The annual income of the church was estimated at three million dollars, and this large sum was used to influence judicial proceedings, congressional action, and to send missionaries everywhere. The Mormons owned the land, made the laws, controlled the schools, built costly tabernacles and temples, and married as many wives as they wanted.

The reports made at the semi-annual conference, of money raised, work done, temples built, and missionaries employed, were far from encouraging to a lone missionary five hundred miles from the nearest Baptist church, without financial backing, with no house of worship, and not more than a score of followers. A hall was hired in Ogden and another in Salt Lake City, and regular services were begun. The hall in Salt Lake City was over a blacksmith's shop, where more horses were shod on Sunday than any other day in the week, and the talk in the room below, though not of a pious kind, was often louder than the

preaching in the room above. The audiences were always small, and the writer remembers preaching one Sunday evening to four members of Brother Berkley's family and the janitor of the hall. We had for a sign over the door, the two words, "Baptist Church," and the first person to join us was a Mormon, who was attracted by this sign. He had been a member of a Baptist Church in England, and like many others had been led astray by the Mormon missionaries. Arriving in Salt Lake City, he heard the doctrines of polygamy, or, as the Mormons call it, "plural marriage," preached for the first time, and believing, as all the Mormons did, that the priesthood spoke by Divine authority, he was led to marry two additional wives. But the sign over our hall door awakened memories of his pure and happy life in England, and seeking the missionary he earnestly inquired, "What must I do to get back into the Baptist Church?" Upon learning that his first wife had died, and that the second, upon hearing that he intended to leave the Mormon church, had gone to the bishop and secured a divorce, he was advised to be married to the third. This done, he was taken into the church, and his wife and two of the older children (there were eight in all) were baptized soon after.

In Ogden the first convert was baptized in June, 1881, and an eight-thousand-dollar meeting-house was built the following year. Then a little later a fifteen-thousand-dollar house was built in Salt Lake City, where we now have three churches, two church edifices, and three mission chapels. We also have a church at Provo with a good house of worship, a mission chapel at Mercur, the new mining camp, and mission stations at several of the smaller towns. "The little one" has not yet quite "become a thousand" in membership, but with large and flourishing Sunday schools, and many young people all under Baptist preaching and teaching, we believe that number will soon be reached.

REV. DWIGHT SPENCER, D. D.

*Fairhaven, Vt.*

## Pioneer Work Among the Indians.

By G. W. Hicks

WHEN at the Anniversary Meetings at Pittsburg some of the brethren requested that I write an occasional article giving incidents in our missionary work in this new country. Seven years of frontier missionary life would very naturally be expected to furnish a good many such incidents.

I recall an incident that occurred when we were establishing our Comanche Indian Mission near Fort Sill. What seemed a favorable site had been selected, and the consent of the Indians had been obtained. I went to Vernon, Texas, nearly one hundred miles away, where I bought the lumber necessary for the chapel. I procured a dozen teams, loaded the lumber, and started them on their four days' trip. Having other matters to look after, I went by rail back into the Chickasaw country. I had left my horse at Marlow, from which place I drove fifty miles, expecting to meet the teams at the place selected. When I reached there I found the Indians had corralled the teams, forbidding the men to unload, some evil spirit among them having persuaded them that their rights were likely to be trampled upon. When I got upon the ground to argue the case with them, three or four women seized me, hustled me back to my buggy, and by angry grunts and wild gesticulations gave me to understand that we were not wanted and that I must be off. I was compelled to take the lumber five miles away to find a place where we could be allowed to build. Kindness and Christian living, however, have overcome all that prejudice, and Brother Deyo and wife find a hospitable home among them.

After the Cheyenne country was opened for settlement it was necessary there, as it has been in all the rest of the country, to establish our work. It will be understood that county seats were established by the Government. We sought to organize churches at these places as soon as possible. One place where I organized was at Watonga,

county seat of Blaine County. In a few weeks this had become a town of five hundred people. There was no church organization of any kind. I found seven persons calling themselves Baptists, whom I organized into a church. I took $200 Home Mission money, went to Kingfisher, thirty miles away, and bought the material for a house of worship, twenty-four by thirty-six feet, borrowed a horse and put it alongside of old Ned, got other men to volunteer to go with me, and we hauled the material for our church house thirty miles over the sand hills. With the little money that we could raise on the field, and by volunteer labor, together with my own work, we built the first meeting-house, and dedicated it free of debt. Afterwards, the Presbyterians built a house, but it was badly built, and has since blown down, so that we have the only house in the place now. We soon secured Brother Job Ingram, from Missouri, for pastor there and at Kingfisher and Okarcke, who still serves them faithfully. The church has grown till it now numbers upwards of fifty. Presbyterians and Methodists have organizations, but are dependent upon the Baptists for a place to hold their meetings, and their influence is little in the community as compared to the Baptists'. This has now become the centre of our Cheyenne Indian Mission.

## Pioneer Work in a Gold Mining Camp, Mercur, Utah.

AFTER many urgent invitations I visited Murcur, located about sixty miles by rail southwest of Salt Lake City. I found two thousand people with no Gospel privileges. The small schoolhouse built on the mountain-top was our first meeting-place. Large audiences gathered. About the third preaching service a woman and her fellow began to slightly disturb the service. At once two sturdy miners arose, whipped pistols out of their hip pockets, pointed them at the couple, and said, "You behave now." Our meetings were never again molested.

Soon our path to the schoolhouse was spoiled by excavations for buildings. For several Sundays a hundred people, men, women, and children, climbed a ladder twenty feet to reach the schoolhouse. Then an opera-house on the street over a saloon was offered free to us; but fifty dollars per night for a play. There was frequent shooting below; at one service a shot was fired through the floor. We had an audience of 250 usually. Soon theatre troupes wanted the building for Sundays, so we had to move into a small shell just vacated by a Chinese restaurant. In two weeks that was rented, and we moved to a new building. After three weeks that was rented, and we went to a partially-completed building where six carpenters were at work while we held Sunday school. This building was rented as soon as completed, and again we moved.

Meantime a lot was given for a church site. With a liberal gift from the American Baptist Home Mission Society and help from friends, a chapel was begun. Again we were compelled to move, but the roof was on our chapel, and we had a home.

While soliciting funds and overseeing the chapel building, I had some striking experiences. One day I was coming down my hotel stairs, when three shots were fired into the hall. The transom was slightly open, and a man crazy with drink said he was seeing if he couldn't shoot through the opening. No one was hurt.

Another day I leaned against the hotel counter at the clerk's desk, thinking where I could go to raise some money, when, soon afterwards, two bullets buried themselves deep in the exact spot where I had been leaning, and a third bullet demolished a man's watch, inflicting an ugly wound in the owner's side. Whisky did the shooting.

Now the town is incorporated and orderly. We have a neat chapel free of debt, and every Sunday service and a good Sunday school. Six mills are grinding the mountains of gold and others are building.

There are other mining camps as needy as was Mercur, but we cannot enter them until the Society's debt is cancelled. Even then, can we advance?

S. G. ADAMS, *General Missionary.*

*Salt Lake City.*

## Our Song of Victory.

WHEN perils filled us with dismay,
To God arose our earnest cry;
He answered in a wondrous way,
And led us on to victory.

CHORUS.

O come, let us then with one accord
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
O praise the Lord!
O come, let us then with one accord
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord!
Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah, Amen!

A ransomed host from sea to sea,
Touched by the Spirit's quick'ning power,
Have proved anew their loyalty,
And Christ is honored at this hour.

Accept our off'rings, gracious God,
Accept ourselves in Christ, Thy Son;
Throughout the world, at home, abroad,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.

For potent aid, for plenteous grace,
That reaches to the uttermost,
Let earth resound with songs of praise
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

— *H. L. Morehouse.*

NOTE. The foregoing hymn was written for the Pittsburg meeting, and was set to stirring music by our Baptist Doctor of Music, W. H. Doane, Esq., of Cincinnati, whose inspiring leadership in its rendition by the great congregation made it a feature of the anniversaries. We regret that we have not the music to accompany the words.

THE National Temperance Almanac for 1897 devotes one page to "A Black Pyramid," a diagram showing the annual cost — in America — of intoxicating liquors and tobacco as compared with other articles. The plain figures, without the drawing, are as follows: home and foreign missions, $5,500,000; ministers' salaries, $14,000,000; public education, $165,000,000; furniture, $175,000,000; sugar and molasses, $225,000,000; woolen goods, $250,000,000; boots and shoes, $335,000,000; cotton goods, $380,000,000; sawed lumber, $495,000,000; iron and steel, $560,000,000; bread, $600,000,000; tobacco, $625,000,000; intoxicating liquors, $962,192,854.

## Mrs. B. A. Benedict.

ON the night of June 29, 1897, after a long and useful life, Mrs. B. A. Benedict, of Pawtucket, R. I., entered into rest. She was born in Bellingham, Mass., March 16, 1809. More than eighty-eight years of her life have been in the period of the most marvellous developments in the world's history. When she was born there was no Baptist Foreign Mission Society or Home Mission Society in America. Nevertheless, she became one of the most ardent friends and liberal supporters of missions. With her husband, Dea. Stephen Benedict, she was baptized at Pawtucket, R. I., in April, 1836, and continued an active member of that church until her death. Her husband died in December, 1868, leaving her some property which became increasingly valuable, and from this, as well as from her own possessions, she gave conscientiously and liberally. As her former pastor, Dr. Bullen, has said: "Always the same earnest Christian, planning to do good; independent in her views and somewhat in her methods; a little reserved, not letting her right hand know what her left hand did; very widely esteemed in the church of which she was a member sixty-one years, and in the community where she lived a little longer; full of sympathy and good works."

She took a deep interest in the condition of the Freedmen soon after the war, and in 1870 gave $10,000 to the Home Mission Society for the purchase of the site of Benedict College, at Columbia, S. C., and a few years later $10,000 more for its endowment. This was to accumulate until it reached $50,000. By the addition of interest and her own gifts besides, it is now over $40,000. Her will gives to the Society $10,000 more for the endowment and makes the Society the residuary legatee of her estate, the probable amount from this source being estimated at nearly $40,000, which likewise is to be kept for the endowment of Benedict College. The institution, originally named in memory of her husband, will also be a memorial to her noble Christian character.

Mrs. Benedict was a woman of a striking personality, well befitting the royal soul that animated it. To the Missionary Union she also left $10,000, to the First Baptist Church of Pawtucket $5,000, and minor sums to other objects, besides several personal bequests.

Her influence will be felt, especially through Benedict College, while the world stands. God be praised for such consecrated souls, who are a benediction to the world, and who become an example of the wise use of earthly possessions. Verily she will have much treasure laid up in heaven.

## Indian Items.

BROTHER STUBBLEFIELD, pastor at Duncan, I. T., writes: "We have just closed an excellent meeting with this church. There were twenty-five additions, twenty of which were by baptism. Forty have professed conversion." Rev. J. P. Thompson, a Baptist full-blood Choctaw preacher and a member of the Board of Education of Choctaw nation, writes: "We have just voted to ask an appropriation of $2,500 from the Council to place fifty orphan children in the Baptist Academy at Atoka. As the good work of that school becomes known, it takes hold of the confidence of our people, including the Chief and members of the Board of Education."

## Italians Coming to the Light.

PASQUALE DE CARLO, missionary to the Italians in Connecticut, also goes one in four weeks to Providence, R. I. At Stamford, Conn., which has been his principal field, and where he has been warmly supported by Rev. Chas. L. Rhoades, he has encountered much opposition from the priests. Before he began his labors there was no Italian Roman Catholic priest in the place, but his activity in the work of evangelization incited the ecclesiastical authorities to send Italian priests thither. He says:

"So the Italian priests came here to do their part, preaching against us, and sending all the maledictions against the Protestants. But, thank God, they could not resist the two-edged Sword; they ran away, then another came here to live. From the time the priest came to this town there is a great revival among our countrymen. Our meetings are attended by many people, and the Spirit of God is in the midst of us with his wonderful power. Many Italians go to hear the priest, and then come to our meeting in order to see the difference between the teaching of man and the Word of God; and so they remained edified, and not only they come again, but they bring others to our Mission."

Writing of his visits to New Haven, Stonington, and Chester, he says: "There is an awakening everywhere among the Italian people who are the slaves of the papacy and cry for the liberty of the Gospel, and I think that the American people ought to thank God for such an opportunity and a privilege also. There is very much need of help in this work, and I pray the Lord to touch the hearts of Christian people.

"By the grace of God, I can say I am very happy and strong in Jesus Christ, who keeps and leads me and gives me many opportunities of making known His holy truth to many. 'They of Italy salute you.'"

### "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."

If any little word of ours
  Can make a life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
  Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word
  And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
  To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
  May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of ours
  May make another's fleeter;
If any little help may ease
  The burden of another;
God give us love and care and strength
  To help along each other.

H. G. B.

WE issue the August and September number of ECHOES together.

# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

## Our Girls

MY DEAR GIRLS: It may be that the ECHOES will reach you just as you are going away for your vacation, or perhaps they will follow you to sea-shore, or mountain, or pleasant farm-house or inland lake. You cannot get so far away that our loving thoughts will fail to reach you, and we shall never be so far from His all-attentive ear but we may whisper so He can hear our earnest petition that you may be kept safely in His protecting love and care through all the summer days, and all the coming days. And what, in your happy resting-time and play-time, with the routine of school life and home life apparently forgotten, will you be doing for the Master? We hope some of you have provided yourselves with the "Missionary Memorandum Books" we mentioned in May ECHOES, because the items you can collect in your reading about the different peoples and nationalities will be very helpful when you find yourselves preparing for the missionary meetings this fall. Somebody with whom you will be intimately associated will not know as you do about the needs of our Home Mission work. You can tell them many interesting things as you walk, or sail, or row. While your fingers work briskly or lazily with the bright silks and wools so pleasing to your eyes, there'll be many a chance to speak a word of personal experience or conviction along missionary lines or along those other lines wherein you have found that you were set apart to His service who redeemed you. We would like to give you as a talismanic word for the month of August the familiar one, "Opportunity," and we repeat to you something we once read which is full of meaning.

There is an old story of a beggar to whom one day there appeared by the wayside a beautiful being with her hands outstretched, laden with treasures. As he gazed at her in stupid surprise, she glided past him; but she returned with her treasures still held out to him, and once more, with beseeching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. She had no sooner gone than, as if waking from a dream, he hurried eagerly in the direction she had taken. He met a traveller, and said, "Have you seen a beautiful stranger, with her hands full of the things that I want, going along this road?"

"Yes," replied the traveller; "her name is Opportunity. But once offered, and once refused, she never returns."

### The First Since Mother Died.

"I HAD been making one of my regular visits among the poor and distressed," said a city missionary, "and on leaving was followed to the door by a young girl, little more than a child.

"Unconsciously, or perhaps rather as a matter of course, I put my arm around her, and kissing her cheek, took my leave, and thought no more of the incident.

"A few weeks later this girl arose in a testimony meeting at our mission, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said: 'I love the Lord, and want to tell you how I came to be a Christian. One day a lady came to where I live and talked about Jesus. It wasn't so much what she said, but when she was going she kissed me. It had been so long since any one had given me a kiss or kind word — the first time since my mother died — and somehow it seemed to soften my heart, and I felt that this lady must have something that makes her different from the other folks that haven't cared anything about me; and the more I thought about it the more I wanted it myself. And so I came to God, and asked him to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake, and I know that I am saved. But, oh, in the first place it was the dear lady's kind look and touch and the kiss that did it.'"

Is this not a lesson to all of us, that in our intercourse with the unsaved we may reach the hard heart by the kindliness of our manner, by the sympathetic tear, by the tender touch of the hand? — *Kind Words.*

"HOW can you endure to go into those dirty places and sit near those people and talk to them?" said a dainty young person to another, just as dainty in her tastes, and with more sweet charity in her soul. "Why," was the surprised reply, "I thought that is what Christians were for!" Sure enough! But a great many of them have not yet discovered their mission in the world. — *E.r.*

# Our Little Folks.

### Mistress Mary.

MISTRESS MARY, sweet as a daisy,
How does your mission band grow?
Oh, with money and with meetings,
And with pictures, maps and greetings,
And little maids all in a row!

Teddy, Teddy, ready and steady,
How does *your* mission band grow?
Oh, with earnestness and fun,
And some work for every one,
And merry boys all in a row!

Lizzie, Lizzie, always busy,
How do your *meetings* grow?
Oh, with topics and a leader,
And the love with which we heed her,
And foreigners all in a row!

Benny, Benny, as bright as any,
How do *your* meetings grow?
Oh, with tales of lands and nations,
And accounts of distant stations,
And missionaries all in a row!

Daisy, Daisy, never lazy,
How does your *money* grow?
Oh, with saving and with sewing,
And with weeding and with hoeing,
And mite-boxes all in a row!

Peter, Peter, who is neater?
How does *your* money grow?
Oh, with many a dime and quarter
Saved from buns or soda water,
And pennies earned all in a row!

Harry, Harry, do not tarry,
Say, how *should* all mission bands grow?
With unselfish, patient living,
And a glad and generous giving,
And loving hearts all in a row.

— *M. B. Banks, in Over Sea and Land.*

AN Exchange under the heading "To Interest Boys in Mission Work" has these suggestions:

"Study variety. Give them something to do. Let it be something which they *can* do. Encourage, inspire, but never do their 'something' for them.

"Get your illustrations from boy life, as well as from girl life. Many superintendents fail here.

"Interest the teachers of boys' classes in the Sunday school, and if necessary ask them to come to the meetings with their scholars.

"Keep order, but do not keep talking about order. If you are fretful, the boys are perfectly certain to find out how to be mischievous. Master your temper, if you would master the situation.

"Give the boys employment for their eyes as well as their ears. Make use of the chart, the map, and the blackboard. If possible, use chalk or pencil to accompany your talks.

"Get acquainted with the boys and with their mothers. Find out what they like best, and try to enjoy it with them. Love them. Pray for them. Help them to be honest, pure, manly boys, and get ready to be honest, pure, and manly men."

YOU can never tell, dear friend, what the little restless, rollicking boys in your Sunday school class or Mission Band will be, in the by-and-by that lies before them. We cannot forget the twinkling black eyes and the laughing blue eyes of two roguish boys in a certain Mission Band years ago, we would not dare to say how many. We can this very minute seem to see how quickly a look of earnestness overspread the merry faces at the time appointed for the "Busy Bees" to be about their work. We could go now to a certain drawer and take out one thing after another — napkin straps, various cardboard devices, etc., — which bear the stitches set long ago by the fingers which in college halls have since thumbed the books that brought them the treasures which they will take with them in all their life journeys. And our boys, — where are they? Out in the world with great hearts and true hearts, doing well the work of life. One, we believe, as teacher of the Word will lead many souls into the kingdom; one faithfully serves the cause of science in the geological survey of our country.

Many times you will feel weary and worn in caring for your little charges; they will sorely try your patience, but remember, the end is not yet, and one day they will think gratefully of the guiding hand and voice which in their childhood days inclined them to noble thoughts and purposes, and made it forever impossible for them to live selfish lives. In that day, too, you may need the kindly messages of comfort and cheer which frequently come to her of the silvered hair who lovingly taught the boys as well as the girls in the Mission Band we have mentioned.

### Children's Time Table.

"SIXTY seconds make a minute;
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour —
All the good that's in my power;
Twenty hours and four, a day —
Time for work and sleep and play;
Days three hundred and sixty-five
Make a year in which to strive
Every moment, hour and day,
My dear Master to obey."

DO you think these are happy looking birdies, little folks? Once they might have seemed so to me, but now, — oh dear! Listen, and I'll tell you about something which made me very glad and very sad by turns. You must know, we are living six miles from our city home in our summer cottage by the side of a beautiful lake.

Close to our veranda railing, before we came to stay, two little birds had built a hanging nest in a tall bush while much hammering and noise was going on. Such a dainty little home of woven grass and birch bark shreds as met our view! And then, one by one, came the tiny white eggs spotted with black, until there were four of them, when the little mother began her patient watch-care of two weeks' duration. Oh, how we came to love her as we took frequent sly glances at her in her swaying nest, as the gales sweeping across the lake bent the bush almost to the ground, as the drenching rains came down upon her, and as the thunder and lightning did their very best to terrify her!

A peep at our swinging treasure was the greatest treat we could give ourselves or our visiting friends, for she had come to trust us, and never flew away at our approach. Parting the leaves one hot afternoon, we looked down into the face of one little open-mouthed birdling — the pioneer of the quartette in this great world. Soon again there were four, and how busy the parental pair had to be, bringing the choice morsels of worms and bugs to satisfy their hungry babies. How these same wide open mouths would one day help fill the world with music, and we would tell the children that they could have a like mission. We could hardly abide our time to speak.

But one day — ? We crept out for an early greeting to our precious bird family, and lo, only a strange egg, wholly unlike those which had been in the nest before, was there! Some robber-bird, too lazy to build another, had stolen the nest, destroyed the little occupants, and, after committing the wanton deed, had tauntingly laid an egg to show us the contrast between what was and had been. And she never came again, for either tired of her ill-gotten gains, or ashamed to face honest people, she had flown away. The poor, afflicted mother-bird hovered for a little around her nest, but it was so forsaken she had no heart to stay near it, and our sweet picture of happy bird life was blotted out.

Where now was the children's lesson? A note of warning we must give. Beware, little ones, for a cruel enemy will, if possible, creep into your lives. Indolence and jealousy and greed will change what might be beautiful into a hateful thing. You do not want to carry distress and disappointment with you as you go, but with a song on your lips, you should be welcome guests in every heart and home.

Do you wonder my birdies look lonely and sad as they talk together of their loss and sorrow? They miss their baby birds, and perhaps some fathers and mothers, whom you know, miss the little children they have lost. We are sure you can help to make them happy, for there's nothing in the world that can make a sad heart glad one-half so quickly as the sunshine that comes with the laugh of a little child.

## A Missionary Bonfire.

MARION S. PIERCE, of East Jaffrey, N. H., sends the following note:

"Our mission band, 'Gold Gatherers,' has a bonfire every year on Prospect Hill Farm. We ask some of the men to gather brush, and others to give money to buy kerosene. The superintendent of the cotton factory gives us waste cotton, and we get a tar barrel; all these put together make the bonfire. When it is dark enough the fire is started. It makes a very pretty sight, and can be seen all over the village. While it is burning we sell our ice-cream and peanuts.

"There were not as many at our last bonfire as there have been other years, on account of a shower in the afternoon, which made it very damp in the evening, but we made $10.05, which will be divided equally between the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, as we had the bonfire to give money to missionary work."

## Five Ways of Giving.

FOR A RECITATION BY FIVE LITTLE GIRLS.

1. *The Careless Way.* — To give without knowing what it is for.

2. *The Impulsive Way.* — To give only when some sad story is told.

3. *The Self-Denying Way.* — To do without something we would like, and give the money that we save.

4. *The Systematic Way.* — To give a penny a day, or a certain share of all the money we get.

5. *The Equal Way.* — To keep half of all the money we get, and give the other half to missions. — *Selected.*

## Better Than Gold.

"I SHALL give that to the missionaries," said Billy. And he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold — and the missionaries work for Jesus?"

Stillness for a little while; then Susie said, "The gold all belongs to Him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to Him, and give Him just what He asks for?"

"What is that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly, "'My son, give me thine heart.'" — *Exchange.*

### Eastern Maine.

IN Eastern Maine, where nearly all of our Associations have adopted the Hancock System, and members of the churches are giving weekly to all of our great denominational benevolences, we are obliged often to face the question of men's work and women's work, and we would like to call attention to what is being done by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society along the line of instructing and interesting the people of our churches in the work of missions.

We are looking forward to the time when the work of raising money for the work will be carried on in a more systematic way, and hoping that it will come speedily; but we think that what we are accomplishing by the free distribution of literature, and the work done by Circles, is worthy of the consideration of those who would do away with the work altogether.

We could mention many Baptist churches in Eastern Maine that are doing valiant work for missions to-day, because representatives of our Society have helped them in learning how to work, and showing them the needs.

We try to be unselfish in this; and when we see others reaping where we have sown, and money resulting from our labors gathered into other treasuries, we thank the Lord that He can use our work in any way, and ask Him to lead us into larger service for Him.

BELINDA FARNSWORTH.

### Western Maine.

Politicians say, "As goes Maine so goes the Union." Would that missionary workers could say the same, for no State can show better or more faithful work along this line. Ninety-two of the one hundred and fourteen churches in Western Maine are giving regularly to the Woman's Home Mission Society; of the remainder one might justly say they are nearly dead, having little spiritual life. The auxiliaries are all well officered, and while the loss of true and tried Directors is much to be regretted, the emergency has called forth new workers who are full of courage. Most of the churches are country churches, and largely attended basket-meetings have been held where only two or three homes were within easy walking distance.

The rapid growth of Young People's Societies led for a time to the thought that here might be the best field for presenting missions to the boys and girls, but experience has shown that these do not take the place of Bands, either in creating or sustaining an interest in missions. So the general feeling is that the old Union Bands must be revived, and the Sunday school, also, should study and give to missions.

A deep interest is manifested in the French work at Biddeford, where a Bible woman commenced labor the first of June. Her cordial support is hoped for.

One-tenth of the whole number of subscribers to ECHOES is found in Western Maine, and Directors are still reporting increasing lists. Too much praise cannot be given to these earnest Directors, and a very large part of all that has been accomplished is due to their wise and well directed efforts. We look for still another good year in Western Maine.

E. H. BONNEY.

### New Hampshire.

In reviewing the work done by New Hampshire for the past few years, it would almost seem that we were standing still. For several years we have contributed about the same amount; the money given is from the same Circles that are giving now, no new Circles, and not much more money. Does that mean a lack of interest?

During the last week we went with Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Knapp to three or four basket-meetings, held at Plaistow, Bradford, Sanbornton, and Troy, and each day we met with many encouragements. It was not a difficult thing to find churches glad to hold these meetings. Four in Portsmouth Association wanted this meeting. At Bradford there was a tender and earnest spirit manifested throughout the sessions.

The Directors and three others started early in the morning, taking a drive of thirty miles over the hills in order to attend the meeting at Sanbornton.

At Troy we met some of our most earnest workers. An admirable programme had been arranged by the Director and the President of the Circle connected with the church. Does all this hospitality, tenderness, the willingness to contribute of their time, strength, and earnestness for the success of these meetings by our sisters, show a lack of interest? We think not.

Surely we can write encouragement all along the line, and we know that a great deal of the work done by our Society would have to be left undone were it not for the many earnest helpers in New Hampshire.

MARY T. HOAGUE.

THE Annual Reports for 1897 are now out, and can be obtained by sending to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., enclosing four cents for postage.

THE meetings of Associations for the autumn will be attended by a representative of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, or the Woman's Society. We have looked over the territory with Rev. F. T. Hazlewood, D. D., District Secretary for New England, and have divided the field as best we can. This plan will save travelling expenses and also give time to those who have the programme in hand. This is one of the advantages of the new plan of coöperation.

At the July Board Meeting the following Directors were confirmed: Mrs. Lizzie Young Butler, Rockland, Maine, Lincoln Association; Miss Mary E. Winslow, Winslow Hill, Nobleboro, Maine, Damariscotta Association; Mrs. A. J. Hastings, Bradford, N. H., Salisbury Association; Miss Olive E. Sanborn, Laconia, N. H., Junior Director of Meredith Association; Mrs. A. L. Wadsworth, Newport, Vermont, Director of Danville Association; Miss Nettie L. Lewis, Passumpsic, Vermont, Assistant Director of Danville Association; Miss Abbie Palmer, Grafton, Vermont, Assistant Director of Woodstock Association.